

S.S.S.

PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It

CURES

All manner of blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of indurated blood taint, such as Scrofula, Kneading, Catarrh and

SKIN-CANCER

Treats on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. S. S. S. SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.



FOR BLOOD AND SKIN!

A. B. C. Chemical Co., Richmond, Va.

Having for a long time suffered from the effects of a horrible blood disease, and after resorting to medical aid and other remedies without benefit, I tried "A. B. C. Alternative." It has been entirely restored, and it is a pleasure to attest its efficacy. It is a very good tonic and alternative, and I recommend any suffering from blood trouble, to try it.

J. H. WELLS, 1015 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Treats on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Address: A. B. C. CHEMICAL CO., 17 S. 12th St., Richmond, Va.

DYSPEPSIA

RIGA, Mr. R. G. says: I now know that I have been using your Burdock Blood Bitters, and they have brought me back to health. The use of these conferred the great benefit which I feel profoundly grateful for. I never be without it.

W. H. DELKER, 1015 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va.

BURDOCK'S

REGULATOR

FOR BLOOD AND SKIN!

ATLANTA, GA.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE

FOR LADIES

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FOR LADIES

MAKING A GREAT CITY.

A Real Estate Sharp Says It Can Be Done in Two Years.

But to Do It Requires a Cash Capital of Eleven Million Dollars—A Plan That Is New and Original Even If It Isn't Practicable.

Much intercourse with the leading real-estate boomers west of the Mississippi seems to have made Prof. Seward wise in the ethics of real estate. Says the Seattle (Wash.) Press, and he has for days been perfecting a plan for building a great city, which is to say the least, new and original. He says:

"I would select, in a country with a good climate, a level piece of ground, at least ten miles away from any railroad. I would buy five sections of land and plat to suit my own ideas. The first, or central section, would be held for business exclusively, and the other four sections, for residential purposes. The site selected and platted would be graded throughout, electric trolleys, water works, electric light plants, public buildings, and in fact every convenience of a large city would be planned for, work on all to be started at one time on the day of the city's birth. These public improvements would cost about \$1,000,000 to start on, rather than \$5,000,000 to complete. To start the city, \$7,000,000 would finish it, including a branch line to the nearest railroad.

"The lots, being made 50x150 feet, would make some 3,840 lots in the section, 500 of which, on the principal streets, would sell for \$5,000 each, or \$2,500,000. Five hundred lots adjoining these streets, at \$8,000 each, would make \$4,000,000; 2,000 more adjoining these, at \$1,000 each, would make \$2,000,000. \$40 lots would be donated for business and public buildings. Two thousand residence lots would sell for \$1,000 each, or \$2,000,000, and 6,000 more of these lots at \$500, or \$3,000,000, leaving 3,320 lots for parks, etc., and making the grand total receipts from sales of lots \$11,000,000, which ought to pay for all the public improvements and start the town on a good, solid foundation.

"How would I manage to raise such a sum?" Prof. Seward asks. "I would, on a date to start to build the city, say one year from today, and not a day sooner. I would come to you, for instance, if I thought you had a surplus bank account, and lay the matter before you. If you thought well of it, I would permit you to subscribe for one or two lots—not any more, as I want the lots sold in all sections of the country, so that the city might be well watered and lighted, and advertising in all over the United States. Then again, as we are going to build a substantial town, we don't want any speculation about it. You will not be permitted to select your own lot, as you would naturally select the best one, and this you could well do, as the principal streets are to be made before, and not after the town is built. You may select your section according to price, and at the proper time the number of your lot will be given you. This will be obtained by some open fair plan. Who would not give \$1,000 for a business lot, or \$500 for a residence lot in a town guaranteed to have 50,000 inhabitants in two years, even though he can not have a choice? His lot would be worth less than double what he subscribed, and perhaps, as will be the case with hundreds, ten times the original cost. A large number of business men and residence lot owners will agree to build, commencing the first day the town is opened, and to be finished at a certain limited time. In this wise a hundred business houses and a hundred residences, a large number of miles, etc., will be commenced on the first day. "In selling your lot we would not want any amount down, but in order that we might be assured of your good faith would demand that you place in your own bank your indorsed note for one-third the amount of the purchase, payable on the day the town is to be started; another one-third in three months, and the last one-third in six months from the time of first payment. Thus the town could be built and completed in one year. The employment of these thousands upon thousands of men of all trades and the expenditure of over \$10,000,000 or \$11,000,000 in the given time would naturally force the making of a large town, even if there were half a dozen around it, and with such a start nothing could stop it from growing. We would select a lot or two for a newspaper building, a saw-mill, a wagon factory, machine shop, bank, drug store, bakery and a hundred other concerns, which would be donated to any one who would erect for that special purpose a proper building, to cost not less than a certain amount. There would be no subsidies. The city would grow up, and so such a start would be great enough inducement, especially with the ground donated, and it would not see the opportunity some one else will.

"There are 5,000,000 people in the United States who could and would enter into such a scheme if they were assured of the reliability of the projectors."

CALIFORNIA CUBS.

How a Couple of Them Were Stolen from Their Mother's Side.

Away up in the mountains in the northern part of Del Norte County the predatory visits of a large black bear to the hog ranches elicited about as much squealing among the owners of the land as they did from the kidnapped pigs. While the trouble was almost unbearable, David Tucker, a San Francisco Call. He had with him a Winchester repeating rifle that carried a ball especially adapted for destruction of life in large black bears, and he organized a party to hunt the hog-chief to death.

Joseph Morrison and Edward Murray, a plucky shepherd dog, and a German deer-hound followed Tucker up the steep canyon for about a mile one day, and only a steep drop and a fight to the finish. Dave fired a ball into her breast, near the shoulder, but without causing the brute to even blink. He pumped another cartridge from the magazine and sent it tearing through the anatomy of the monster with little effect as its predecessor. Then he commenced to

retreat cautiously, while he worked another cartridge into place, and this time made the bullet plow into the bear's groin.

The bear was then within forty feet of him, and commenced to assume the proportions of a mountain to his widening eyes. Joe and Ed were on either side of the battle-ground and hand-capped by some bushes. At the doubtful moment Ed sighted the head of the animal and immediately fired two big loads of buckshot from his double-barreled shot-gun, tearing away the side of her head and toppling the animal over in a hurry. The boys saw that the bear had been sucking her young, so they waited a few minutes until her two cubs came out from the thicket in quest of the mother.

It was only the work of a few minutes to lariat the youngsters, and then they dragged their young to the canyon. The bear was very fat, and weighed 900 pounds when dressed. The cubs were about two weeks old when caught, and were kept for three months on bread and milk. They are docile, plump, and a curiosity to many visitors. Mr. Tucker has a standing offer of \$150 for them from the Native Sons of the Golden West, but \$200 will have to come out of the funds of that organization if the cubs will come to a feature in the parade on admission day.

HE WASN'T EXTRAVAGANT.

But There Was Danger That a Hungry Car-Horse Would Eat Him Up.

Cautious people are sometimes too cautious, says the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay \$500 for a lot, and after deciding in the affirmative, learned from the real-estate man in a more careful conversation that the \$500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend: "These are seventy-five cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, each on a pleasant note with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gathered. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window; then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times. Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly, and he turned to the proprietor and remarked: "I'll give you an even sixty cents for it." The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said: "What?" The stranger again informed him: "I'll give you an even sixty cents for the umbrella." The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he inquired.

"Seventy-five cents."

"And you have been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrella?" The stranger said he had.

THE JOKE-MAKERS' FRIENDS.

There were no such thing as a mother-in-law.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If we never met the lady boy and his pa? Oh! what would the funny men do? If there were no soft couples to sit in the gloom.

Or mean little brothers who hide in the room, Or towns that are struck by a back-aching boom.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If it weren't for the tramps who from labor for train.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If we hadn't discovered the dille and his cana.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If it weren't for the bright little unicorn at school.

Oh! what would the funny men do? And the men who dare toy with the buzz-saw and mile.

The honest old farmer and patient-right fool, Oh! what would the funny men do?

It weren't for rest-keepers who rush out of town, Oh! what would the funny men do?

And came back disgusted and blistered and brown, Oh! what would the funny men do?

Oh! what would the funny men do? If the man and woman who play on the horns.

Oh! what would the funny men do? And pounce the piano had never been born; If it weren't for that poor little toe and its corn.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If women had never been frightened by mice.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If the dealers cleared a respectable price.

Oh! what would the funny men do? If there never had been a boatjack or a cat, Or a grasping landlord and a bookworm flat; If we never had heard of 'sins grandfather's law.

Oh! what would the funny men do? —Chicago Post.

A TEXAN STORY.

Old Ben Jarvis Tells of an Adventure with Deer.

A crowd of old-timers were hanging around a country grocery in Tom Green County, some sitting on barrels, some on boxes and others leaning against the counter, and all were telling stories of hunting and adventure or listening to them, when it came Old Ben Jarvis' turn to speak.

"I'll tell you what, fellows," said he, "I've heard of some pretty tall hunts and adventures in other parts of the country, but old Tom Green County can discount them all when it comes down to real adventure and true life. Did I ever tell you about the time when we herded a band of deer and actually drove them into the corral of the home ranch on Soap Root creek?"

"No, you never did," exclaimed half a dozen voices in a chorus. "Let's hear it now."

"Well, here's how it goes: Four lads and myself had been out all day scouring the prairie in search of stray steers, when about noon-time (the sun was awful hot) we struck the bottom lands of the Upper Colorado river. Here was timber and here was shade. We plunged into the friendly shelter and had ridden along some two hundred miles when one of the boys, saying: 'I smell blood!' Every rifle was tightened and we came to a dead halt. 'So do I,' said another. Then we rode on slowly and cautiously, and pretty soon came to a sort of clearing, where a sight met us that made the whole crowd shiver. In the middle was the dead body of a large deer and upon him lay a man, who was a Moslem lion, who was craning the bones and sucking the blood of his victim. We kept out of sight and watched the proceedings, for it was no use to interfere now, as we could see the buck was dead, his antlers covered with blood and gore, and a few ugly gashes in the hide of the lion told that the better animal had evidently fought bravely for his life before he gave it up."

"Quietly and quickly Bill Newman and myself unslinging our rifles, changed them, adjusted the sights and then took dead aim at the big brute. I counted one, two, and was just going to say three when, like ten thousand demons, a series of roars and howls rent the forest, which so frightened our mustangs that every one of them's front end came near being pitched out of our saddles. 'What in Christopher was that?' said Bill Newman, lowering the muzzle of his gun. The answer came quick enough. Like a flash sprang another big Mexican lion from the branch of an overhanging limb, and pounced full upon the other one who was engaged upon his victim. I saw the lion's jaws as it drove from that inmate. Those lions were nothing more than two monstrous cats, and they fought like cats. I cautioned the others, now that we could not help the deer, to keep still and watch it out. They were so evenly matched in size, strength and agility that it was an open question which one would come out winner."

One seized the hindquarters with his ugly claws and the other dug his sharp nails into the shoulders of the poor deer. They snarled and fought and scratched and pulled until the buck was torn limb from limb, and then they dropped the carcass and went at each other in a terrific manner. Over and over they rolled, the air filled with flying limbs, and the lion's front end came near being pitched out of the clouds, and at last they closed in a death grip which meant the annihilation of one or the other and perhaps both.

"The big fellow from the tree, however, had the advantage, for the shock of his leap had nearly paralyzed the first one. He was fresher and in better condition, and finally succeeded in getting a grip on his adversary's throat, which he held on for some time, but the under lion was not conquered yet, for he swung his powerful paw around with such force, striking his enemy such a terrific blow on the head that it sent the latter spinning away like a top. He fell all in a heap on the ground and lay there, too stunned and dazed to get up."

"What did the other one do now?" asked one of the listeners, with interest. "What did he do?" repeated Old Jarvis. "Why, he didn't do nothing. That blow with the paw just settled him. The other lion had such a tight grip on his throat that when he was knocked away he didn't have time to let go; and the consequence was that he actually carried away in his jaws a big piece of his enemy's throat. He killed himself, you might say, but he almost killed the other fellow, too. Why, that was the end of that. The lion's pistol shot must have broke the poor devil's skull. The whack could have been heard half a mile away. Well, there was no danger now, so we rode up to the lion, but he was too far gone to show fight. He acted sort of crazy like, rolling about and whirling, but he couldn't get to his feet; so one of the boys took his gun, placed the muzzle behind the lion's ear, and blew the life out of him."

"But how about the band of deer you herded, and which you started in to tell about?" asked another of his listeners. "Hold on, pard," said Jarvis; "I'm just coming to that part. The shot that killed the lion had no sooner stopped echoing than there was a great rustling and crashing in the thicket just off to the left. Two of the boys skinned carefully in that direction, and came back in a few minutes reporting that a band of deer was running about excitedly and in a crazy manner. 'Spread out, boys,' whispered I, 'and we'll round 'em up.' We did that, and pretty soon they formed a circle, in the middle of which

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A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick-headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken, and do not gripe.

OLD exchanges for sale at THE TIMES office; 20 cents per 100.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS. Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all lung troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25c and 50c. Sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

Will not cure everything. A. B. C. Tonic and A. B. C. Alternative cure Blood Diseases only.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried Dr. Acker's English Remedy, and would not be without for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradford, Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulency and constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Budwell, Christian & Barbee.

Notice.

There will be a general meeting of stockholders of the Rivermont Company, held in the city of Lynchburg, Va., at Calhoun Hall, on Thursday, September 25th, at 4 o'clock p.m. All stockholders are expected to be present in person or by proxy.

By order of the Board of Directors. A. M. DOYLE, Acting Secretary.

The Clergy, the Medical Faculty and the people all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

Important.

The regular day and night sessions of the National Business College will be resumed Monday, September 13, in the new quarters, Monmouth Building, corner Campbell and Henry streets. This institution is much needed in our midst, and